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The PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

SEPTEMBER 1945

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Why Force Fails

Sumner Welles tells us that when the First World War came to an end Lord Curzon spoke thus in Parliament: "The world's great age begins anew; the golden years return." And so millions of persons believed and prayed and hoped. But, as has been said times without number, the disillusionment came quickly. Alfred Capus soon was able to write cynically that Woodrow Wilson appeared to believe that the war which had destroyed ten million men had at the same time made the human race perfect, whereas, in fact, it had only diminished its numbers!

Lin Yutang is right when he says that "the question which we must solve once for all is really this: Does force work?" The only way we can answer that question is to see more clearly what force is supposed to do. It ought to be clear by this time that you cannot really kill an idea or make other persons become like yourself by the use of force. There is more danger that you will become like them. It is indeed a false comfort if we think that military victory, which is at best only a restraint, will defeat the evil of which nazism is only an expression.—*Gene E. Bartlett, First Baptist Church, Columbia, Mo.*

After War—the Christian Spirit

Some time after the defeat of the Confederate army, Gen. Robert E. Lee was placed under indictment by the federal government for treason. This was a great blow to General Lee because it was in direct violation of the surrender terms which guaranteed certain rights to the vanquished, and also because he had made application with President Johnson for pardon.

Many of Lee's friends came to solicit with him and offer their help. Among them came a minister who spoke very bitterly about the indictment. Mr. Lee replied very quietly: "Well, it matters little what they may do to me; I am old, and have but a short time to live anyway." Then with much earnestness he added: "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read and you preach from, which says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, be good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Do you think that your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?" Then he continued: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed that they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

The world could do with more of that Christlike spirit! (From Douglas Southall Freeman's *Robert E. Lee)—Folke Ferré, First Baptist Church, Benton Harbor, Mich.*

A Chaplain Testifies on the Soldier's Religion

Chaplain Paul W. Burres, in the *Christian Advocate,* throws light on the question as to whether men in foxholes are converted to a religious view of life. Here is his testimony:

"We shall return, many of us, with different ideas about religion and with new religious outlooks and experiences, but because we have prayed in our foxholes or during parachute jumps, don't get the idea that we shall all be at prayer meeting the first Wednesday night after returning home. After twenty-seven months overseas, experience with all types of soldiers, both service and frontline troops, I am forced to conclude that the net spiritual result of the war will be negative rather than positive. It is my observation that the number of those whose religious life has been stimulated by their war experiences is more than offset by those whose religious and moral living has lapsed or been vitiated by the low moral tone and religious indifference of military life. I believe, as General Eisenhower once said, that the American soldier has a religious faith, although it is not vocal. But because it is not vocal, it does very little to raise the tone of army religion and morals. Men do become vocal on religious things when they are slowed down, as in the guardhouse or the hospital, or when confronted by the immediate fear of death, but after the stimulus of fear is removed, one can reasonably question the permanent religious gains that will remain."

Mark Twain's 'War Prayer'

Perhaps the famous War Prayer of Mark Twain should be reprinted at this time, while memories of the war are still vivid. This prayer has recently been used on the radio by a news commentator to show how ho low a mockery our vaunted civiliz tion is. Here is the prayer:

"O Lord our God, help us to te their soldiers to bloody shreds wi our shells; help us to cover the smiling fields with the pale forms their patriot dead; help us to drow the thunder of the guns with t cries of the wounded, writhing pain; help us to lay waste their hur ble homes with a hurricane of fir help us to wring the hearts of the unoffending widows with unavailin grief; help us to turn them out roo less, with their little children to wa der unfriended through wastes their desolated lands in rags and hu ger and thirst, sport of the sun flam of summer and the icy winds of wi ter, broken in spirit, worn with tr vail, imploring thee for the refuge the grave and denied it. For o sakes who adore thee, Lord, bla their hopes, blight their lives, prote their bitter pilgrimages, make hea their steps, water their way with the tears, stain the white snow with blo of their wounded feet! We ask One who is the spirit of love, a who is the ever faithful refuge a friend of all who are sore beset a seek his aid with humble and co trite hearts. Grant our prayer, Lord, and thine shall be the prai and honor and glory now and ev Amen."—*James M. Clark, Buffa N. Y.*

A Task for the Church

Basil Mathews relates how duri the fiercest period of the blitz ov Britain he was walking in the unbroken calm of the gardens of Ne College at Oxford, with the famo professor of international relatio Sir Alfred Zimmern. They were d cussing the possibility of a new a better world. "Turning to the nowned historian, I asked: 'What, your opinion, is the greatest obsta between us and the building of during world peace?' His answ couched in four words, startled beyond measure. Every time, ho ever, that I have come back to thi over it again, I have seen more dee into its significance. His reply was 'The small-scale individual'."

It all goes to show, doesn't it, th perhaps the greatest ministry of Christian church during these revo tionary years is to produce large-sca revolutionary individuals.—*Aaron Meckel, First Congregational Chur Braintree, Mass.*

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

OLUME XVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1945 NUMBER 9

America's Debt to the Church

BY G. MERRILL LENOX

. . . I will build my church and the gates of hell all not prevail against it. Matthew 16:18.

. . . the church of the living God, the pillar and ound of the truth. I Timothy 3:15.

A FRENCHMAN, Alexis de Tocqueville, came to our shores early in the 19th century to study e American prison system. After long observation many aspects of our culture, he wrote as follows: sought for the greatness and genius of America in her fertile fields and boundless forests; it was not there. I sought for it in her free schools and her institutions of learning; it was not there. I sought for it in her matchless Constitution and democratic Congress; it was not there. Not until I went to the churches of America and found the pulpits aflame for righteousness, did I understand the greatness and genius of America. America is great because America is good. When merica ceases to be good, America will cease to be eat."

Our visitor was right. America's greatness must attributed to its goodness, and its goodness to the fluence of the Christian church. "I will build my urch," our Master said, "and the gates of hell shall t prevail against it." The Apostle Paul wrote of e church as "the pillar and ground of the truth." s God's institution, it has withstood the tests of ne. America is indebted to its ministry for blessings ithout number.

No one would contend, of course, that the church without blemish. It has made serious mistakes. 'eighed in the balances, it has often been found anting. Its potentialities still lie far ahead of its complishments. It has followed its Founder, as d Peter of old, afar off, too frequently afraid to lventure with him in daring service and heroic sacfice. But in spite of its inadequacies and errors, is the fountain source of the "good things around " that make life worth while.

I

In the first place, for its lofty standards of family fe, America is indebted to the church.

Just now our nation needs desperately to heed the teaching of the church on the meaning of marriage and the responsibilities of home building. Dr. Herbert Gezork, a voluntary exile from Germany in 1936, said, after coming to this country: "People often ask me smugly whether moral conditions in Hitler's Germany really are as bad as they are described in some books and movies. I can only truthfully say that they are, in this field (of family life), not worse than anything we face here. We, as a nation, are leading the world in the rates of bigamy, abortions, divorces." If the present tendency continues, before fifty years have elapsed, every second marriage will be broken in the divorce court.

Where the influence of the church has been at work, however, the prospects are considerably brighter. In one survey, including 61 communities in 15 states, made when the prevailing divorce rate for all marriages was 1 out of 6 (it has recently become 1 out of 5), it was discovered that for married couples who professed even a nominal church affiliation, the divorce rate was only 1 in about 50 and for those regularly attending worship and actively serving the church, the rate was 1 out of 113. The results of a study by Ernest W. Burgess on the effect of Sunday school attendance upon the probability of successful wedlock would substantiate these findings.

The church, through its high conception of love and marriage and through its character-building instruction, has been a powerful factor in creating happiness and harmony at the hearthstone. Moreover, children reared by parents whose devotion to each other is surpassed only by their love for the Heavenly Father, rarely if ever become a part of the increasingly tragic delinquency problem.

America is indebted to the church for the quiet contentment of countless homes which have been touched by the Master's spirit and are dedicated to his will.

II

America is also indebted to the church for its effective support in the cause of achieving world order.

It is not surprising that this should be true, for the church instills in men those qualities which make for peaceful and orderly living. As early as the second century an unknown writer said of Christians, "They hold the world together." If a sufficient number of men today possessed the true spirit of Jesus, as taught by the church, there would be no strife between nations.

The church, however, has accomplished even more than the fashioning of individuals so peace-loving that they will live together in good will. It has faced directly and realistically the immediate task of creating suitable international machinery for the establishment of peace among men. Early in this war, the Federal

Council of Churches set up a Commission on a Just and Durable Peace. Its varied activities, supplemented by world order projects launched by each of several denominations, stabbed broad awake the conscience of America regarding its responsibility for establishing a global structure to maintain peace.

Was all of this effort expended in vain? John Foster Dulles, an official adviser to the United States delegation at San Francisco, thinks not. He declared to churchmen assembled at the significant Cleveland conference that it was the influence of the church that has led to popular approval of an inclusive world organization. Such a proposal had not even been mentioned in the Atlantic Charter, Mr. Dulles said, nor in other earlier official statements of postwar aims. It is moreover true that many of the desirable revisions of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals which were reportedly seriously considered at San Francisco are those strongly urged by religious groups. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said Jesus. To the church, America is indebted for helping to make a just and durable peace.

III

In the next place, America is indebted to the church for its persistent protest against prejudice and ill will.

In Acts 17:26 we read that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." Christians who take this sweeping declaration seriously have their marching orders. Wherever justice is denied a minority group—whether Negroes, loyal Japanese-Americans, Jews or any other—the Christian church must raise its voice in its defense.

The church in other lands has opposed valiantly the pagan doctrine of race and blood. Professor Einstein tells us that though he expected the public press or the educational leaders or German business interests to destroy the nazi movement when it first emerged, he was sadly disappointed. Only the church, he declared, buttressed by its belief in the infinite worth of every human personality, boldly defied the oppressor even though it cost many lives.

It is not our claim that the church has done all it should; far from it. It is meet for it to repent of its many hesitations. Yet it is increasingly emphasizing the injunction of the ancient prophet, "Let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

IV

Further, America is indebted to the church for the support of its great humanitarian programs.

It is in the church that people learn to give; to give gladly and generously to the causes of education, healing and relief. From whence came our first educational institutions? They were founded by the church both in America and in most foreign lands. Even today hundreds of our honored colleges and universities are operated under religious auspices.

What of the ministry of healing? In Matthew 4:23 we read, "Jesus went about all Galilee healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people." The church of Jesus has carried on thi compassionate service. In a certain great city are in addition to two tax-supported hospitals, there ar more than a dozen private institutions, all but tw of which are affiliated with some religious group. Alsc the story of missionary doctors and nurses in othe lands is packed with enough drama to thrill any lis tener.

The church, furthermore, always looks with con passion upon those who suffer need. Its charities hav encircled the globe. Moreover, without the dynami and motivation of the church, great secular efforts suc as the Community Chest or Red Cross would b dangerously weakened. Scores of leaders testify tha the overwhelming support of all these movement both in leadership and money, comes from people whor churches have taught to give freely of time, taler and substance to all causes that are in accord with th spirit of the Nazarene.

Consider for a moment the vast foreign missio enterprise. The late Wendell Willkie, doubtful i his earlier years about the wisdom and value of Chri tian missions, after his famous world tour said: "O my recent trip, I saw at first hand a multitude of cor crete instances which convinced me of the value c foreign missions both to the lands they serve and t the cause of good will for America. Everywhere went I found American colleges, schools, hospitals an churches, many of them supported by the churches c this land. I found American missionaries, men an women, exerting a leadership—a human personal lea ership—which I have no hesitation in characterizin as vital to the future hopes, not alone of other nation but of our own United States."

Or ponder this story: Early in the war seven nav fliers were forced down in the South Pacific. The reached an island after paddling their rafts for mo than two days. As they disembarked, they were we comed by a swarm of natives whose grandfathers ha been savage cannibals. Their civilized descendant however, handed the American fliers a copy of th Holy Bible. As the Rev. William Janssen has sai "It was their way of saying, 'Welcome, don't b afraid of us, for we are Christians.'" These Chri tian natives took care of the fliers for 87 days, hidin them from enemy patrols. At night they assemble around their white visitors and took turns readin the Bible. Like voices from heaven, their singing c familiar hymns sounded to the fliers. Are you su prised when I say that, upon returning to the America bases, the fliers confessed that these island hosts c theirs had converted them to Christianity?

Many such incidents are recorded in Henry Pitn Van Dusen's remarkable book, *They Found t Church There.*

▼

Finally, America is indebted to the church becau it is "a refuge and strength" to multitudes of peopl

No one wants to live in a community without church. Thousands outside its membership seek i consolation in the hour of crisis. "If anything shou

ppen to John, my soldier son," a mother cried, "I uldn't stand it without God." The church through pastor helped her to find God in Jesus Christ and w she felt fortified against the anxious months ead. A soldier's morale is completely broken, his rage gone. It is the chaplain, the servant of the rch, who reinforces the inner citadel of his soul. What the church does to help man master the handi- s and hardships of life is well demonstrated in experience of Fanny Crosby, that noble woman o wrote many favorite gospel songs. She was blind m babyhood. Yet the church implanted in her h a wholesome attitude toward life that even as hild she wrote poems of Christian faith.

The same gospel that upheld her in youth sus- ned her through the long, long years. She was iety-four when she entered the larger life beyond. n her ninety-second birthday, she said: "I never rry, never fret, never think disagreeable thoughts, ver find fault with anybody or anything. If there any man in all the world who is happier than I, ng him to me, I should like to take him by the nd."

More than fourscore and a half years spent in al physical darkness! Yet she could say: "If any n in all the world is happier than I, I should like take him by the hand."

"The Lord is our refuge and strength," is the timony of tens of thousands who are daily con- nted by the hardships and handicaps, the sorrows d struggles of life.

America is indebted to the church. You and I, my teners, are its beneficiaries. Shall we accept all e church's blessings and give nothing in return? ther, let us declare: "From this time forward, as r me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and we ll devote ourselves to his church so long as we shall e."

We cannot escape Jesus, or ignore him. And we are ming increasingly to realize that we cannot deny him d his great ideals of humility, brotherhood, complete mmitment to the will of God and to sacrificial service our fellow men, without facing disaster in the world outer social relations and complete chaos within. sus is our index to life's best and highest values—this faith on the Christian level. Albert W. Palmer.

Fear imprisons, faith liberates; fear paralyzes, faith powers; fear disheartens, faith encourages; fear sick- s, faith heals; fear makes useless, faith makes ser- ceable—and, most of all, fear puts hopelessness at the art of life, while faith rejoices in its God.

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

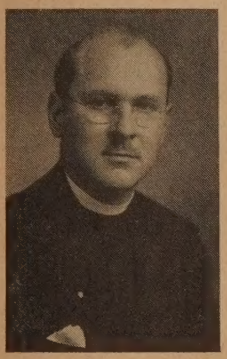
Faith in man, if it is to stand the daily assaults which ntemporary history makes upon it, depends on faith God. Halford E. Luccock.

The religion of the atheist has a God-shaped blank its heart. H. G. Wells.

The Common Man's Claim to Christianity

By O. Walter Wagner

CHRISTIANITY began as a commoners' move- ment and for two thousand years it proclaimed the dignity of man, but at the point of possible realization the common man is outside the church. The government, not the church, proclaims the Century of the Common Man. Technologically this is a people's world now, but economically and ideologically it belongs to the peers, foremost of whom are the Christians. Christianity is too often represented by congregations of comfortable, cultured, class-conscious Christians ministered to by pastors who by profession, point of view and propensity are part of the present-day peerage, despite the fact that precedent placed them with carpenters, fishermen, tent-makers, tax collectors, toilers. By origins and inception Christianity and its clergy belonged to the common people. By proclivity and practice, they too frequently belong now to the peers. Unless these three, Christianity, the clergy and the common man become one in their convictions and concern, this will not be the century of concern for common humanity.



THE PROPHETS ALLIES OF THE PEOPLE

The first dynamic movement to win wide justice for the common man came in the eighth century (B.C.) prophetic movement. The oldest passages of the Bible are the clarion calls of Amos, the enraged farmer and commoner who cried out against the injustices wrought by a commercial civilization. If antiquity and origins are valid criteria, then the common man may rightly claim as an ally not only Christianity but also its antecedent, Old Testament prophetic religion. The fact that the prophetic movement turned into apocalyptic dreams and bookish calculations and lay dormant until Christianity resurrected vital religion, is the old story of corrupt institutionalism substituting compromise for revolutionary change. "Thus saith the Lord," cried the prophets; "Do justice, love mercy, walk humbly with God." "Tish! Tish!" said the priest. "Be not righteous overmuch; neither make thyself overwise. Why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" (Parenthetically it should be pointed out that fundamentalism and religious relativism are modern expressions of apocalypticism and compromise.)

First-century Christianity was more than a revival of eighth-century righteousness. It was the anouncement, launching and realization of the Kingdom of God. Its message was more than equal justice under law. It offered more than the bread of charity. It

assured the lowest sonship with God, brotherhood with man. It proclaimed the equality and dignity of man. It elevated the poor. It did not pity them. It pronounced them blessed, not because they were poor but because, as poor, they were capable of giving life's most precious gift, labor. The poor constantly proved the principle that we find our life by losing it. They constantly poured out their own strength in order to make possible our common life. It was among these, the despised, degraded peasants and slaves, that Christianity found root and flourished.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP LAY-CENTERED

Jesus, first of the clergy, by birth, vocation, message and ministry belonged to the common people. Born in a cow barn to a peasant woman and a Palestinian carpenter who were legally betrothed but too poor for the public marriage ceremony, Jesus grew up with them in peasant penury. First son of a large family, he early knew the hardships and heartaches of providing and protecting; the tedium of toil and taxes; the task of teaching and training a large family. Carpentering was his only training for his calling. He came to the common people by a path well known to them—toil, tedium, truth. These were acceptable credentials. He could say with assured confidence: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Camping in the woods near the carpenter shop in Nazareth, Jesus thought out his basic philosophy. He eschewed all temporary cures as he contemplated his career. Bread alone is not a sufficient social reform. There in the wilderness he laid down a principle that girls in a garment workers' strike nineteen hundred years later could use as their slogan on strike: "We want bread and roses too!" No! Man does not live by bread alone, nor does mere popularity make a sound social system nor surrendering to authorities in high places build new societies. Jesus began his ministry to the masses with these sound social salutations.

To a congregation of peasants in his home town he read his inaugural address. "The Spirit of God is upon me. He anoints me. He sends me to bring good news to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, release to prisoners, recovery of sight to the blind, the year of God's favor." Here was a people's platform. Here was a people's leader.

PROTAGONIST OF THE PEOPLE

Like the independent prophets of the Old Testament and like their Nazarene leader, the first-century Christian leaders were the people's protagonists. They were not men of double vision; they were not men of mystic insight; they were not men of supernatural knowledge; they had no cultural status. They were pre-eminently protagonists for the poor, bold speakers of the truth, valiant and courageous champions of the oppressed, fearless denouncers of hypocrisy and corruption. They were the people's preachers and they did not speak in platitudes. They spoke in the language of the poor. The common people heard them gladly.

Paul, the organizer of churches and ordainer of pastors, contended that the minister must be a worker for only then could he keep a proper perspective and rightly divide the truth. Tent-making did at least two things for Paul that have been lost to the modern preacher. It made him independent of the owning classes and related him definitely to the workers. Sholem Asch in *The Apostle* has Paul say, "My daily labor is part of my mission." Throughout his life Paul was harnessed to a loom. After a day of labor at the loom and a meager meal he wrote the younger clergy insisting, "And see that ye be modest, and that ye labor with your own hands as we have instructed you." One of the first rules laid down for membership in the primitive church was that everyone was obligated to earn his daily bread honestly with the labor of his hands. To Timothy, Paul wrote: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The ministry under the Master was a ministry with the masses.

COMMON PEOPLE PARTICIPATED

That these first congregations, made up of the lower working classes, peasants and slaves, participated enthusiastically in these democratic organizations of plain people is evidenced by the communal nature of the first churches. They were not primarily communities for the purpose of common worship. They were first of all communities with a common life. "They were together and held all they had for the common use. They sold their property and goods, and shared the proceeds according to their individual needs."

They ate together, not merely a minute wafer, but a downright meal for a hungry people. They provided generously for widows and orphans. They ransomed Christians imprisoned for debt. They won a new status for women. They awakened the slave to a sense of worth and a longing for freedom that broke out in revolt against masters. They disturbed the patriotism and loyalty of citizens to Caesar. They spread throughout the Roman world a social unrest. They were a party with a high and holy purpose. There were other parties with different purposes in Palestine. There was the party of the Pharisees seeking to preserve the law; the party of the Essenes waiting for heavenly intervention; the Sadducees compromising with the Romans; the Zealots, trusting in the sword. But the Christians were the party of the crucified Carpenter, creating a common society in which the lowest was called to be a citizen in the Kingdom of God.

The argument thus far has been that Christianity by origin and inception, was the ally of the common people. If primacy and practice are valid claims then present-day plain people still have a priori rights to Christianity. That original Christianity is woefully alien to modern Christianity needs little amplification to painfully prove the point.

The message of modern Christianity is rendered aningless to the multitudes despite the fact that it s the exact words of the first century. It has been nditioned to, congealed by, and combined with eds, dogmas and interpretations inherited from unlettered, occult and esoteric period. Its mes-ge now is theological to the extent that it is mytho-ical. It is sentimental rather than searching, pla-ory in place of powerful, reactionary rather than olutionary.

WHERE MODERN CHRISTIANITY FAILS

The mood of modern Christianity is minus a sense mission. Only fundamentalism is out to save world, and it is totally lacking in social salvation. eo-orthodoxy and religious relativism are committed the gospel of compromise. Twentieth-century Chris-nity is a far cry from the dynamic, creative, com-n fisher folk of the first century. The sentimen-ism of much present-day religion is a sorry substi-te for the revolutionary and radiant gospel of the st century.

The lost radiance of Christianity is illustrated every nday morning when countless thousands of church-ers come to the service of worship but do not expect ything of a dynamic nature to happen. They have cepted the prevailing culture as the norm of life. ney make material gain more important than broth-y love; social standing more desirable than spiritual wer; and success superior to social salvation. They not expect to hear the voice of Amos, and there regrettably few prophets in the pulpit. They do t expect to build the Kingdom of God and so they ild more stately mansions in poetry and resolutions. ney do not expect to feed the hungry or to destroy anny. They do not pretend to defend the laborer or break bread with labor leaders, union men or mass orkers; and the common man is a stranger within very gates of Zion that he founded.

THE PERIL OF PROFESSIONALISM

The modern preacher is of the professional class and t a grass roots worker. Only among the factories d on the farms does he still have the relationship working and rightly dividing the truth. By pro-sion and proclivity the pastor belongs in too large easure to the peers. He is a privileged person, liv-g high above the level of that one-third of the nation no are ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed.

Modern congregations too often want their pastor be a synthesis of their own ambitions. An Amos the modern church would be truly like a bull in a ina shop. Some congregations want their religion nned down, sweetened up and sprayed on by their ry popular preacher who has just enough lung wer to atomize them sweetly and weakly, just ough polish to brighten their accepted opinions and st enough glamor to glorify things as they are. othed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptu-sly every day, they are unmindful of Lazarus and legions of laborers who by the sweat of their brows ve brought about whatever comfort and convenience the modern community possesses. Some clergymen of today, alas, are a far cry from the brown-robed John crying, "Repent ye, ye generation of vipers. Who warned you to fly from the wrath that is coming?" Pastor and people, feeding on green pastures, fail to hear the voice of common humanity calling from the valley of the shadow of servitude.

A CALL TO REVIVAL—AND REVOLUTION

Only a revival can save the church, and it is here in the form of the industrial revolution bringing about changes more sweeping than any cataclysm in five thousand years. Only the invention of writing can compare in magnitude to our catalysis. Modes of transportation are rapidly making the world a community. Rapid communication is bringing about a neighborhood. The factory system has brought about the age of abundance. Urbanization has translated an agrarian people into an industrial civilization. Technologically this is a people's world now, but alongside mountains of wealth are valleys of poverty. Along with scientific achievements are also obliteration bombings. Whether this shall be the "century of the common man" depends primarily upon the spiritual leadership of our age. No amount of sentimentalism can save society from its suicidal wars, its decadent materialistic culture, its comfortable, luxury-loving class structure. Only the dynamite of the New Testament can break through the walls of religious conservatism and economic tyranny that hold the Kingdom of God prisoner to these outmoded ideologies. Only the tidal wave of original Christianity can wash away the sins of modern materialism and secularism.

Christianity must again become relevant to the masses. It must resume the attitude of attack, the program of building and the practice of brotherhood. Christianity must divorce itself from one class and become a true community. In this present crisis the common man lays claim again to the prophets' preaching, the Master's message and the minister's ministering.

THE CALL OF THE MASSES

Matthew makes much of the fact that it was the multitudes—their weariness, their lack of direction, their lack of leadership—that moved Jesus with compassion and caused him to identify himself and his movement with them. "And seeing the multitudes he was moved with compassion for them because they fainted and were scattered abroad and were as sheep having no shepherd." It is of no little significance that Matthew records not only the Master's bias in behalf of the common people but that his record shows Jesus following compassion with a program of social reform and a crusade for the Kingdom of God. Disciples were organized into teams, sent to announce the Kingdom, to heal, cleanse, defend and receive the multitudes into his fellowship.

The masses are again calling for leadership. Their plea is not made articulate by gold-edged invitations to the church and clergy, but ever as of old it is voiced in their needs. Millions of white-collar workers are compelled to live on a sub-standard wage. Millions of

minority peoples are denied a complete citizenship. The multitudes have no stake in the present economy save their labor, and that is their whole life. The masses are moving, but without spiritual direction. The people are poor in power though rich in numbers. They have been pushed around by the peers until they weary and fall prey to fears, fascism and a sense of futility. This is their call for leadership. Long ago it moved the Master to compassion, and he threw his lot in with theirs. He answered their call with a crusade and a cross. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

TODAY'S CHALLENGE TO THE MINISTRY

The ministry must make the first move if the multitudes are not to be betrayed by clever masters and clichés. Millions are being spent by the peers to win the multitude. Others than ministers have found the missionary value of tracts and propaganda. "America must choose between free enterprise and dictatorship." "Organized labor is organized dictatorship." "Fight for the right to bargain individually." "The strike is a strike against the flag." Ever as of old the kept prophets prophesy for Baal.

The ministry must make the first move and that move is about-face! Too long has the clergy bowed in submission before intrenched conservative leadership which is slowly strangling the life of the church. Too long has the clergy allowed the assumption to go unchallenged that conservatism is Christianity at its best. God calls his ministers to be servants, not masters, crusaders for Christ—not caricatures of a decadent culture.

The common people look to the clergy for a continuing leadership. Too often the clergy moves ahead to more lucrative pulpits, to more "advanced" thinking. They know, and the people know, it represents a retreat from a stiff job of launching an unpopular cause under conservative leadership in a comfortable, middle-class church. Lacking the patience to create a true community, preachers move from pillar to Podunk. They plant the seed but, in place of cultivating it, nurturing it, bringing it to ripe harvest, they yank up the seedlings at every new move. There is an itinerancy about prophecy that needs to be scrutinized. Moving up in church circles often means moving away from the field that is ripe for the harvest.

CHRISTIANITY IS NOT DEFEATED!

The common man looks to the clergy for courage—courage to preach the unpopular truth at Bethel, the House of God. Like their spiritual forefathers—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos and Jesus—they must speak their piece in the Temple. They must work from within. Too long have they majored in noonday clubs and out-of-church activities. The Christian congregation is the logical soil for the Word of God. The Christian congregation is the soil that will bear a hundred fold, but it needs the seed. Leaven, if it is to do its work, must reside in the loaf. Left by itself it sours and decays. Leaven was meant for the loaf. Christianity was meant for the church. The multitudes were meant for the Messianic movemen The common man looks to the clergy to convert th church to original Christianity.

The twentieth-century common man, like the firs century fisherman, lays claim to being the norm in th Christian movement. Original Christianity is not en tirely defeated. It will never die. Prophetic preach ing is not passé. It will never pass away. The com mon people are not indifferent. They will never fo sake their Carpenter. The plain people of today, an they are legion; the prophets of today, and there ar enough; New Testament Christianity, and it is sti alive—all claim the right to be the natural, norma conditioning influence in the Christian church. The claim the right to maintain Christianity's origina sense of mission to the multitudes. They repudiat peerage in the House of God. They renounce the present status as aliens in the Christian order.

The multitudes are on the march. The masses ar moving. The minor prophets are pleading the cause. An ancient prophecy is pressing for fulfillment "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, an exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hun gry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empt away." This is the call of the twentieth century t the church. Commoners again seek control. A Ca penter again seeks to build a community of all th people.

FAITH is the attitude of mind and will which find and must find expression in true prayer, and true praye in turn is the right religious adjustment.

D. C. MACINTOSH.

AN alarming weakness among Christians is that w are producing Christian activities faster than we ar producing Christian experience and Christian faith.

JOHN R. MOTT.

Song of Christian Workingmen

OUR MASTER toiled, a carpenter
Of busy Galilee;
He knew the weight of ardent tasks
And ofttimes, wearily,
He sought, apart, in earnest prayer
For strength, beneath his load of care.

He took a manly share of work.
No thoughtless shirker he.
From dawn to dusk, before his bench,
He labored faithfully.
He felt just pride in work well done
And found rest sweet, at setting sun.

His Father worked, and he rejoiced
That honest toil was his—
To whom was given grace to know
Divinest mysteries;
And shall not we find toiling good
Who serve in labor's brotherhood?

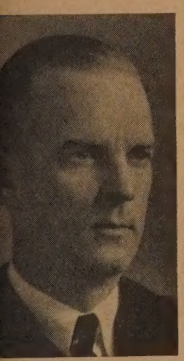
THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Winged Peace

By Alfred W. Swan

But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of ıteousness arise with healing in its wings. Malachi

THE OLD TESTAMENT closes with this cry of hope in the midst of desolating despair. In this chapter of the last prophet the light will not quite nguish. There was much to cause despair. While ew people lived by the Book of Remembrance, for the most part men and nations did not. Wherefore came a day which scorched the earth, wherein all the proud and wicked were consumed like stubble. And only a few, and they by faith, could see the sun of righteousness arise with healing in its wings.



Humanity has often had reason to despair of itself. The bankruptcy of mankind is reflected in the story that, after all, Europe did turn out to be last rendezvous of man. And when the machinery of war had destroyed everybody down to the man, he took the last plane and flew south across Mediterranean and, gas exhausted, crash-landed ıewhere in Africa. Mortally wounded but wishing leave some record for the Martians, he managed to awl on the wing of his plane, "Here dies the last n!" And died. Came two monkeys out of an is, inquisitively wandered up to the wrecked plane, v the last human being stretched on the sand, and ızzically read his message: Here dies the last man! hereupon one monkey turned sadly to the other d said: Have we got to start that all over again? The Almighty himself must often despair of the e. And were he not a God of infinite mercy, he uld blot us out of the Book of Remembrance. But ause his compassion is infinite he is always giving another chance. And in the darkest night of the ır he is still saying that they who trust him shall see the sun of righteousness arise with healing in wings.

It is some such hope unquenched that provokes us ain to essay the spiritual battle for the deliverance the life and soul of man from his desperate historical d spiritual plight. And few have done this with ore relevance than has Air Marshall William A. shop of the Canadian Royal Air Force, in his strik- g volume, *Winged Peace*. In World War I Wil- m Bishop was the Allied ace of aces. Beside him en a Wisconsin Bong, with 40 planes to his credit, d but a good start; for Billy Bishop a generation ago t 72. And William Bishop has stayed in civil avia- on all his life. But he is now not a hedge-hopping, n-shooting, mad-cap of the skies. He is a matured tizen of the world, with a philosophy grown out of his intimate knowledge of this form of power that has given human life the new dimension of altitude. It is a volume which the fathers and mothers of the world might read with profit, and all the boys and girls. For it has much to do with what the generation in between has been dying from or for.

The thesis of this man of the world is clear: *The key to peace is in the skies. It is now a choice between winged peace and winged death. And we must make our choice.*

That is worth thinking about on the level of religion. For while the issues may appear to hang on external and material wings, certainly it will appear that they really hang on the inner and spiritual wings by which the flight of the spirit ever is sustained.

I

The growth of wings has been an astonishing story. It may have been an accident that Tennyson, an English minister's son, dreamed and prophesied in "Locksley Hall" the world of flight, and so accurately portrayed the range of issues involved. It might have been a coincidence that two sons of an American minister, the Wright brothers, inaugurated the actuality of human flight at Kittyhawk in 1903. And the doubters scoffed, and the newspapers rejected the telegraphed report, so the epic runs.

The first flight in the British empire, Marshall Bishop explains, was not made till February 1909, when Douglas McCurdy put the "Silver Dart" into the air from a frozen lake in Nova Scotia, while skaters tried to keep pace. And that would never have been possible had not Alexander Graham Bell, then living in that region, persuaded his wife to let him and his associates have $35,000 for the experiment in flight. It takes risk and adventure as well as invention to start a new era in the physical or social life of mankind. When later in 1909 the *London Daily Mail* paid Bleriot the prize for being the first to fly the English Channel, Britishers seemed to look upon the feat as mere sport, or perhaps as offering more rapid letter service to the continent. But Germany realized that what that flight really meant was that Britain was no longer an island separated from the continent, and that the moat of the English Channel was destroyed. And what the channel was then the Atlantic is now.

The first trans-Atlantic flight, after the notable development of aviation during World War I, was made by Canadians. I was preaching that summer of 1919 out in the Saskatchewan wheat country, and I remember cutting out a picture of the Vickers-Vimy-Rells plane that Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown flew in from Newfoundland to the Irish coast —1940 miles in 15 hours and 57 minutes. I preached a sermon in a Canadian schoolhouse on "The United States of the World," which the real Canadians understood better than the Yankees who had come up from Dakota. But our minds had not caught up with our wings. So we balked at that in the years that immediately followed.

The most spectacular of all flights, of course, was made by as distinguished a young man as was ever

turned out of the academic halls of our local campus, when Charles Lindbergh flew, as he said, through a knot-hole in the weather, May 20 and 21, 1927, from New York to Paris—3610 miles in 32½ hours. But the tragedy of our times is reflected in the mechanical brain and personal courage of Lindbergh, which was not matched by comparable historical understanding and political insight.

We now not only fly but tow planes across the Atlantic. During the war we have been carrying materiel and personnel across, and happily are bringing the wounded back by plane.

The geo-political significance of aviation is just beginning to dawn on us, long after it dawned on the builders of the Luftwaffe. In the 1920's the United States government was kicking Billy Mitchell out of the army for his farsighted vision of the air arm. At the same time von Granau crossed the Atlantic in a flying boat, making stops along the way, including Canadian and the Great Lakes, and on to Chicago, then west across Canada, mapping strategic air routes, and probably noting the points at which fuel could be and was later cached, as was discovered by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, for the German conquest of Canada.

The most significant result of aviation has been the shift in the map of the globe. All roads lead north. The great circle routes to much of Europe and Asia take us, if not over the North Pole, then over the Arctic Circle. It's north to the world now. Port cities become less important. An inland metropolis like Chicago, St. Louis, or Denver, may become the radial center of the winged world.

These are the basic structural facts we all now know.

II

The next most important thing to be noted about this newly winged age is its power to destroy.

We pride ourselves in that a bit. We have built our B-29's. They are 98 feet long, with a wing span of 141 feet. One of them would fill a room seating 1,000 people. They can reach a ceiling of 30,000 feet, are powered with 8,800 horsepower, can carry 100 men fully equipped, or a crew and 15 tons of bombs. The first ones cost a million dollars each, though their cost is now down to about $600,000—which, we ruefully report, is 50 per cent more than this church building cost. A young man who was a student here three years ago wrote back from Saipan describing the return of the first mass formation of B-29's from over Tokyo, how they rolled in but seconds apart, with some motors dead, gas almost gone, but no crash landings. We can create power to strike.

But so can the enemy. We here do not know yet what bombing can do. We have got by this war without being bombed. It is very unlikely we would get by another war of any comparable proportions without being bombed. It might be by fleets of bombers, it might be by pilotless flying bombs, or rocket bombs, which already have trajectories of 250 miles, and which dive at a speed greater than sound, so that you never hear them coming.

The air renaissance of any country can be deli erately planned and fostered. Before pens have stopp scratching the treaty papers, the underground resiste can be making new maps, operating secret laboratori storing hidden supplies, and devising new theories master races and the lines of force in geo-politics.

You will not read Marshall Bishop's volume wit out some comprehension of what he means by Wing Death. It is very real. It can be built up astonis ingly refined, and from long range distances and ov long range time be aimed at the heart of places a things, traditions and principles, which are preci in the life of mankind. Here is an expert in the who business of military aviation calling with challengi conviction for an understanding of the kind of pow we have in our hands.

He bewails the fact that no intelligent instructi on the whyfor of the use of all this power is bei given the young men who fly from San Francisco Australia, or from Montreal to Karachi. They their jobs with skill, ingenuity and courage, while great many political gentlemen in the American Co gress and the Canadian Parliament regard the airpla as a weapon of war or a means of communicatio But now it is primarily a weapon of destruction. Th is the nemesis which the once young gladiator of t skies, Billy Bishop, now the matured statesman of t globe, sees to have befallen his beloved mount.

III

What is necessary, then, that this instrument death may become a wing of peace? Essentiall Marshall Bishop maintains, we must pass through political revolution comparable to the mechanical rev lution we have achieved, if we are to trust ourselv with these powers we have acquired.

Bishop points out that the merchants of Veni and of Genoa, the two great maritime powers of the day, did not realize the significance of Columbus' id nor even of his final achievement. The kingdom the New World, therefore, was taken away fro them and given to Spain and to France and to En land. Against the selfish and shortsighted policies the trader fleets the far ranging vision of Columb fought in vain.

The Mayflower crossed the Atlantic in 65 da the Queen Mary in four days, and our better plan now in seven hours. We are emerging into as ne a New World as Columbus did. And it is one which the potentials are at their highest.

The airplane makes the establishment of wor culture and a world view the central responsibiliti of citizenship. "Most of the troubles we have e countered in trying to create a stable civilization ha arisen from the inability of political man to keep pa with the man of science," says Bishop. First amo the facts for our world-wide acceptance must be t indivisibility of peace.

Bishop believes that two changes must take pla in our thinking, and then in our organization, if v are to use our wings wisely and for peace. His pr posals will appear more weighty if it be understo

t between the two wars he was continuously en-
ed in commercial aviation.

n the first place, *the military airforce of the future*
st be a World Air Force. It cannot safely be trusted
any nation or empire or combination of either. It
st be an instrument of World Government used to
ntain the peace throughout the world. Nationalism
not control this new power of the air. The air is
national; it is essentially global. World govern-
nt through air power—that is the only live option
have. Up every other road lies death.

While this idea is comparatively comprehensible, it
ses far beyond the ideas we inherit. It will require
intellectual revolution. The military power of the
plane, together with the manufacture of military
equipment, must be put in the hands of a World
vernment.

A second proposal of Bishop will prove more dis-
certing, though it has a similar logic back of it.
twar commercial aviation must be operated without
vate profit. At least international aviation must
rue its profits to the World Government. What
required is world operation of world airways. As-
ning that we shall create some sort of international
y, "that body must not merely control interconti-
tal and international flight; it should direct and
rate it."

"*Never again dare the people of the world allow*
power to be used without restraint by mad dream-
of world conquest, or monopolized by private own-
hip for the acquisition of profit."

"Aviation is too dangerous a weapon for stupid
selfish people to possess for their personal use.
orld military aviation must be a world organization.
e loyalties of its members must be world loyalties.
must be a strong force. . . . It will police the world.
. So, too, with the developments of science in the
lm of flight and the facilities which make flight
sible. The product of the air scientists' minds
st be available to all men in all nations. No manu-
turer of military aircraft can be allowed to manu-
ture military air equipment for anyone but the
orld Air Force."

"The world most people picture seems to be very
ch like the one we left behind—a world of arrant
ionalism and race pride, a world of bitter trade com-
ition and trade barriers. Many people on the
rth American Continent are raising particular vocal
l apropos the merits and demerits of what they call
free enterprise system, which seems to be just
ther phrase to define our old-fashioned capitalist-
nocracy. Certainly that is not the first question
ich faces mankind. That first question is whether
civilization is going to survive, or man is going
destroy it; and whether it is to be saved or de-
oyed through the medium of capitalism or socialism,
a mixture of both, is purely secondary. What I
an is this: If we have not learned from World War
that we dare not fight again, because to fight will
an the annihilation of civilization itself, then what
capitalism on the one hand or conglomerate social-
n on the other to do with it? What is the difference
between dying of pneumonia or in an airplane crash?
Either way a man is dead and that is the first point
at issue—the death or survival of human civilization."

"We can use the air for peace even as widely as we
use it for destruction. Tomorrow I hope our young
citizens, in hundreds and thousands, will fly from one
country to another, and come to know each other."

"Somebody says: Who is going to pay the freight?
. . . Is this the crux of the question? . . . We are trans-
porting thousands of people from one side of the world
to another for the purposes of destroying our enemies.
We call this the necessity of war. Has peace no neces-
sities? What is wrong with moving people in equally
great numbers over similar distances for the purposes
of neighborly peace? I am one of those peculiar
people who stand convinced that peaceable missions
are worth more to us than warlike missions and that
if we spend our resources to build up world peace
and brotherhood we can avoid the horror and expense
in lives and resources of future wars."

Winged Peace or Winged Death—that is the choice
that the greatest fighting aviator of the first aviational
war puts up to all of us in the midst of a second great
conflict in which his favorite weapon is hurtling to
some unforeseeable climax. To achieve the revolution
of mind and politics which he envisions—or rather
which our moment of history forces upon us—will
require that our minds and hearts be born again. This
should be justification for bringing these things of life
and death, of human morality and spiritual destiny, to
the foreground in these portentous hours.

IV

What, then, is required if we are to make effective
the choice of *Winged Peace in place of Winged*
Death?

Faith—faith to believe that God has not deserted
mankind, that he will help us build again, and that he
has yet greater things in store for us, if we will lay
hold upon the upward leadings of his soaring spirit.
Faith in man, grounded on faith in God—that is what
we need first.

Then courage—individual courage as daring in the
intellectual and political fields as the Bongs and the
Bishops have exhibited in the seat of a plane. And
some may lose their political seats, and some may
down the enemy. Courage is never dispensable. Group
courage is needed as we essay to scale the heights of
heaven and bring the wings of flight to our service
and to the obedience of good will among men.

Then collaboration and cooperation—which take
a different set of intellectual muscles and a different
arrangement of sensibilities from those to which we
are immediately heirs. But this we must achieve or
die, and be responsible for the death of others. But
here are promises of fullness of life.

Meanwhile sacrifice—as much as is being paid now.
No new world is built without that price. And the
shining ramparts we would storm and take will be
reached only if many are ready to pay the price that
knows no holding back.

These are the religious necessities of our mastery

of the powers of flight, which God has given us or which we have presumed to take.

If these things seem on the surface removed from the sorrow that rests on many hearts today, let it be understood that it is precisely because we bear these sorrows that we look for the remedy to the world's ills.

We who are left dare not do less than highly resolve to think, to work, to fight, to repent, to create our way through to better things for those who come after us. Perchance if we fear God and his righteousness, he will remember his mercy as aforetime and will open to us new testaments of his salvation to men.

That salvation ultimately depends, of course, not upon any external contraption nor on our manipulation of it, but upon the residence in our human hearts of One who was the fulfillment in the New Testament of the last prophecy of the Old. Of him Charles Wesley sang in one of the greatest of all the Advent hymns:

> Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
> Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
> Light and life to all he brings,
> Risen with healing in his wings.

TIMELY VERSE

Architects of Dream

WE cannot rest, whose hearts are like the breakers
That pound forever in rebellious moan.
We cannot rest, who are the bright awakers,
The trumpeters that mock the tyrants' throne.

We are the architects of dream, who cherish
A beauty others never learned to feel.
The towers that we build shall never perish,
For they are reared of spirit, not of steel.

We cannot rest, whose tongues are quick with pity
For those who ply the ponderous wheels of toil,
The builders of the unsurrendering city,
To stand upon the new fraternal soil.

LUCIA TRENT.

Testament

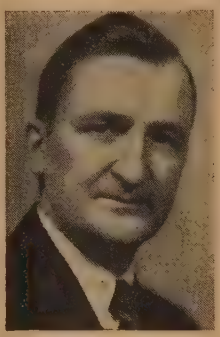
BECAUSE we go, and never shall return
To village square, to homes for which we die,
Unveil not piously, with grave concern,
Brave monuments against our morning sky;
A plaque struck fast in stone, in bold relief
Our lettered names, "brave lads gone from the town";
Winged Victory, bronze soldier, leaden wreath
To glorify our "lives laid bravely down."
Though we are men with youth's own thirst for life,
We ask no tears—our names, they matter not. . . .
Yet strike a steel remembrance of our strife
That terrors we have known be not forgot.
Forge sinewed thought of peace within the mind;
Preserve that soul-wrought peace for all mankind.

FAVILL CLARK.

The Mark of an Intelligent Man

BY FRED W. SHORTER

SOMEWHERE in the Old Testament there is
sentence that often comes to my mind, and esp
cially in the fall when we are seeing our children
to school or are ourselves starting back into scho
Many of us can't help thinking what an anachronis



it is that we have today mo
educated people in the Unit
States than ever in our histo
and yet we have been taki
part in the most deplorable d
struction of all time. The se
tence that keeps coming back
me is this: "The intellige
man knows how to handle life

With all of our education
have failed to do the very thi
which this ancient writer sa
is the mark of intelligence:
handle life. We have learn
how to handle things: how to count money, how
build bridges and buildings, how to make machinery
but we have not learned how to handle life. T
poverty of our days of peace and the slaughter of o
days of war are sufficient evidence of this fact. W
are not intelligent. We are stupid people in spite
science, technology and the gadgets of modern life.

A sergeant, graduate of a Seattle high school, wr
from a hospital in England to his wife:

"Seeing a soldier suffer is not so bad. . . . But ki
that is different. They didn't know what it was
about, just dazed, shocked and scared. It was no sig
for me. Still, it didn't fill me with hate. It did ma
me realize that this deal can't be repeated again twen
years from now. We can't have our son, or anybo
else's son, walking through a hospital looking
human derelicts, or worse, lying there having someo
walk through and look at him. There is somethi
wrong with the system, somewhere. I don't know
the cure is religion, or science or what, but this ca
go on."

WHY HAVE WE FAILED?

Perhaps one reason for our failure is that we ha
not realized that this handling of life is our centr
task. All other tasks are peripheral. All other tas
are the means. This is the end. Jesus once said th
the Sabbath was made for man and not man for t
Sabbath. Institutions are the means. Man is the en
It is our failure to perceive and to act on this tru
that marks us as unintelligent. We have created sy
tems of industry and of commerce, organizations
religion and of education, of science and the a
without relating them to the main end: the fulfillme
of man himself.

Aldous Huxley has written a novel, *Time Mu
Have a Stop,* in which he diagnoses our disease a

s to point the way to recovery. In dramatic situa-
s he portrays the triumphs of modern men ending
in defeats. Religion has sponsored capitalistic ex-
tation. The work of such saints as Francis of
si has been made into political machines and busi-
concerns. As for education, "everybody went to
ol and everywhere the years of schooling have
made a prelude to military conscription. And
t fine courses in false history and self-congratula-
! What a thorough grounding in the religions of
onalism! No God any more; but forty-odd infal-
Foreign Offices."

The human beings in the novel fail because they do
know how to handle life; their own lives or the
s of other people. At one extreme is a man whose
is just a series of self-indulgences. At the other
eme is a man who is like a soulless machine break-
and remaking other people's lives to fit his pattern.
ud of his own social reforming zeal, he made every-
with whom he came into contact miserable. He
ruthless and cruel to the members of his own
ily and especially to his sensitive adolescent son.
e cannot help preferring the self-indulgent man to
ruthless reformer.

One can't help thinking that there is some truth
what Eustace the Sybarite said: "We demonstrably
much less mischief than the other fellows. We
't start any wars, or Albigensian crusades, or com-
nist revolutions. 'Live and let live'—that's our
to. Whereas *their* idea of goodness is to 'die and
e to die'—get yourself killed for your idiotic
se, and kill everybody who doesn't happen to agree
h you."

Both men failed to handle life, both were defeated,
ause both of them were self-centered. One was
edly, blatantly so, the other with his ego cloaked in
al reform.

THE PERIL OF PRIDE

The first thing, and the last thing, a man must
rn if he would know how to handle life is to rid
self of pride. And that means simply recognizing
self for what he is. God knows, that will take
ay anyone's pride! It is no accident that the first
titude is, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." It is
accident that spiritual orders have always demanded
vow of poverty as a sign of humility. This first
on is hard because pride has a way of slipping
ough the window when one bars the door. A man
humility accepts some form of martyrdom today
is proud of his martyrdom tomorrow. Followers
Saint Francis became spiritual snobs. A man gives
his riches for the Kingdom and loses both through
de. A young man starts out to be a savior, accepts
son and cross and fails because he is proud of bear-
the cross. Paul warned of this danger when he
d: "Even though I give my body to be burned it
fits nothing unless I do it as an expression of love."
is conceivable that many a martyr went to the stake
ause he was too proud to lose face with his fellow
ristians. Humility is the first and the last lesson
e must learn.

Eugene Debs said to the judge who was about to sentence him to prison: "Your honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of the earth." Eugene Debs is one of very few of the social prophets who learned to be "poor in spirit." That is one reason why the leaven of his life still works, not only in his own land, but in every land where men know of him.

NATIONS, TOO, MUST LEARN

Our failure to learn this primary lesson is reflected in the larger community, in the nation. Today we hear much big talk about the handling of life on a large scale. We talk in terms of millions of human beings. We shall put these people here, those people there, these up and those down. We shall pull them out by the roots and transplant them. We shall liberate these and enslave those. We talk in terms of pride: pride in our own righteousness and pride in our own power. *We* shall make these people behave. *We* shall enforce peace. *We* shall police the world. And we call ourselves peace-loving nations. Much big and boastful talk! Never a word spoken in humility! Never an expression of repentance for the blood and tears shed because of our stupidity and selfishness!

On this basis of pride we talk about building a new world. Are we so stupid that we shall never learn? Shall we never learn that structures built on pride and arrogance are doomed to topple like a tower of Babel? Some people cannot understand why military victory might conceivably end in disastrous defeat. They would if they would ponder the oft-quoted saying of Lord Acton that power corrupts and that all great men are bad. If great men are bad, great nations are even more so. They are bad because they are proud of their power and exploit their power. Perhaps America today, as she moves into a position of great power, is facing the most dangerous period in her history. If there ever was a time for our people to pray, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget," it is today. It is ironical that the poet who sang most of the glories of British imperialism should have written the "Recessional": "If, drunk with sight of power, we loose wild tongues that have not Thee in awe." "Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart."

As we see our own and other nations move into the future we have only a faint hope that we shall be more intelligent than our fathers. There seems so little chance that we shall take the first essential step, the step we must take on our knees. The Big Three stride across the earth and cry, "Our will be done, our kingdom come." Is it any wonder that men are speaking fearfully of another world war?

WITHOUT REVERENCE—WAR

There is an obverse side to this coin of humility. It is reverence. One cannot handle life wisely without reverence. The humble man stands with bared head and unshod feet before the universe of life. The true scientist, the true poet, the true philosopher—the

intelligent man—is a reverent man. The greatest fact in the universe is not the majesty of the Milky Way, not the magnitude of the mountains, not the power of the oceans, but the miracle of Man, the miracle of human personality. Man: black man, white man, brown man. Man: Jew and Christian, Hindu and Buddhist, Greek and barbarian. Man: of any race and of all races, of any religion and of all religions. Man: of any creed and of any color. Before Man the intelligent man stands in reverence. Without that reverence man is unintelligent. Without that reverence he is stupid and cruel. Lacking reverence he promotes discords and feuds and wars.

To the different men Edith Lovejoy Pierce cries:

Mow down the young. Trample them under your boot.
Their stalks are slim and tender, supple and green;
They will not clog the blades, they will not blunt the machine.
Weed out the young before they take firm root.

"They will not clog the blades, they will not blunt the machine." So careful of the machine, so careless of human life! So many ships were lost, so many planes were downed. But mothers and fathers reverently touch the pictures of their first-born and lie awake at night thinking, living again the years of growing boyhood and blossoming manhood. "He was cut off out of the land of the living. For the transgressions of my people was he stricken."

WHERE WE MUST BEGIN

"The transgressions of my people!" Yes, *my* people, and therefore *my* transgressions. Because of *my* people's irreverence and pride and therefore because of my pride and irreverence. So that's where I must begin, with myself, where I am. I bow before my brother man whether he be far or near, in the east or in the west, from the north or from the south, and in humility I say to him: "I, too, am a man. I am your brother."

And then I find that I have unlocked the door to understanding. I am for the first time a free, intelligent human being. More than that: I discover God. I become one with the great onflooding of the divine life, that Life that flows in the crannies and the crevices and that becomes the great ocean holding up the lives of all. I have become more than finite. I have entered into life eternal. Still more: I know then that the divine purpose holds to the end of time and beyond time. I know then that the dream of the prophet is true: They shall know Him from the least to the greatest, and knowledge will cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep.

We shall not succeed in straightening out our social life by straightening out simply our economic system, or our government, or our religion, or our sanitary conditions; nor shall we succeed by paying attention merely to one of these at a time; for the social life is a unity. . . . We need a synthesis of social movements as of social theories.

Justin Wroe Nixon.

Gratitude and Repentance

By Herman F. Reissig

HAVE you been converted? The question sour a little strange in the ears of a modern cong gation. Almost out of place. Even a bit embarrassi "Converted? Surely, we intelligent people are n going to be subjected to an old-fashioned revival me ing!"

We are worshiping in a L theran church. As the word popularly understood, Luth ans have never insisted on co version. They have said: T grace of God is given to t child in baptism; it is confirm in the rite of confirmation; is increased and strengthen through home and church. Go the Lutherans have believe does not enter our lives chie in sudden upheaval; a ch should, like Jesus, *grow* "in wisdom and stature a in favor with God and man."

The rest of us are, in this respect, rapidly becomi Lutherans. We did not learn the lesson from Mar Luther. We learned it from Horace Bushnell, a Co gregational minister who lived in the middle of t last century. Bushnell insisted that the Christian l should be a gradual development. Let a child acqu Christian faith and character in the same way he l comes a musician or a botanist. Not sudden conv sion, said Bushnell, but gradual education!

The viewpoint of Luther and Bushnell has be powerfully reinforced by modern educational psych ogy. Educators are sure that all good things, inclu ing religion, are best acquired by the slow, steady i fluence of environment and teaching. Educators a often a little suspicious of preaching; they would li to see less emotional exhortation and more patie teaching. So, in most modern churches revivalism h gone out of fashion. We no longer look for the pr found spiritual upheaval called conversion.

CONVERSION DID SOMETHING!

But let no one suppose that conversion was not f multitudes a profound and lasting experience. O of the most distinguished religious leaders of o time, whom hardly anyone would accuse of being ol fashioned, once made to a gathering of ministers surprising confession. Telling the story of his ear life, he spoke of one momentous hour. "I was co verted," he said. "Yes, sir! Real, old-fashioned co version!"

Conversion changed lives. And not only the lives drunkards and wastrels. It did something to tho sands of respectable people, like Wilfred Grenfe gave them a new mind, set their whole life on a high level.

Vhat was the secret of old-fashioned conversion? vas not merely, I think, a hypnotic spell cast by y Sunday's acrobatic oratory. It was not, I am , only the result of something called crowd psy- ogy. It went deeper. If you study the revival ting and the sermons of the revivalists you notice they had two principal themes. When they were summoning to gratitude they were exhorting to ntance. Look at God and give thanks! Look at self and repent! Around these two ideas the ching that converted people revolved.

xamine a little more closely the appeal of the ıgelist. "Look at your life!" he cried. "See how shly you have lived! See how you have wasted your d, your body, your money!" With wealth of anec- and scriptural quotation the preacher went on, ving the sinner what he was against what he might ıntil the sinner felt like a sinner. Then the preacher ed about the goodness of life. He began with a her's love. Sentimental? Yes. But this was some- g anybody could understand. "Your mother in gave birth to you. In love she cared for you. prayed for you. She is praying for you now." n the evangelist talked about the love of God, uing his prodigal child, sending his Son to the s for our sakes. In the listener, gratitude began tir. When heartfelt repentance and deep grati- met and fused in the heart conversion took place. Vhitefield, Wesley and Moody were not cheap ex- ters of emotion. They changed lives. And the et of their power was in their uncovering of the chief sources of all great living: repentance and itude. Whatever one may think about revivals, much is plain: no man is really alive who does have moments when he is so shaken by the poor he has made of life that he is almost ashamed to himself in the face; and no man is really awake does not have hours when the sheer goodness of the beneficence of nature, the mercy of God seem reat that his whole being is suffused with gratitude.

THE GOSPEL—'GOOD NEWS'

n the old-time revival meeting, too much emo- alism? It might be better for you and me if we e not so unruffled; if we still were capable of a ply felt sorrow for our disgraceful use of life and could be moved to profound gratitude that while earth remaineth, the merciful rains of God do not e to fall. We have given up revival meetings. We longer press for conversion. We would better not out of our churches the note of contrition and prayer of thanksgiving!

'or the starting point of our discussion we might e gone much farther back than the generations of parents and grandparents. Pick up the letters of l and the Book of Acts. The preaching of the t Christians was not an appeal to live up to an cal standard. It was not a recommendation of the lden Rule. The first Christians announced good vs, news so good that men scarcely could believe it. nen they did believe it their response was a shout of nksgiving. "We preach Christ and him crucified," cried Paul. The cross said, principally, two things. It said that men and women are capable of treating the best as if it were the worst, that they can fling back into the face of love, that they can be blind, utterly blind, to their own welfare, that for one altogether good they can set up a criminal's cross. O wicked and foolish man, who asks for Barabbas freedom and for Christ a hammer and a sword! But the cross said also that there is a goodness so unbelievably good that it will suffer the worst that can be done to it and not surrender; that there is a courage which holds on and holds out to the worst imaginable end; that God so loves the world that he will descend into hell to save it. Looking at the cross, we "pour contempt on all our pride." Looking again, we sing:

> Love so amazing, so divine
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The New Testament rings the alternatives between "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" and "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!"

MODERN COMPLACENCY, COMPLAINT

Let us come to 1945. Considering the mood and temper of our own time, one sometimes thinks that from thanksgiving and repentance we have descended to complacency and grousing.

Gratitude is a shout; complacency is a yawn. Gratitude sings; complacency snores. Gratitude evokes action; complacency twiddles its thumbs. Gratitude sends men out to battle; complacency consents to all kinds of evil. Gratitude spurs us on toward a better tomorrow; complacency dreams of the good old days. What do you think? Are we nearer to a leaping, creative gratitude or to a smug and lifeless complacency?

Nor is repentance to be confused with grousing. Of grousing there is today no famine. How we fret and chafe and croak! From the policies of government to the difficulty of buying a good beefsteak, from our fear of radicals to our dislike of rationing, almost every subject produces a private indignation meeting. Samuel Grafton described a noted newspaper editor. "He is a vast, formless sorrow, hot on the trail of an excuse for gloom." The editor is not without companions.

Repentance is what the New Testament calls "godly sorrow"; grousing is unproductive complaining. Repentance is the real disturbed by the ideal; grousing is a dull discontent. Repentance is a humble resolve to do better; grousing is a private grudge. Repentance is the offspring of gratitude; grousing is the child of thanklessness.

If modern Christianity is characterized by low spiritual vitality, so that our churches merely strain where they ought to be strong, it can be said with considerable assurance that no revival will come until we recover the twin graces of gratitude and repentance.

Consider, for illustration, three areas of modern life. I read a long letter from a woman describing the celebration of her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Man and wife had traveled to another city to be with their children: three sons, a daughter,

three daughters-in-law, a son-in-law, and four grandchildren. What a reunion it was! At night they sat long hours at the dinner table to hear all the family news. The next morning, father and sons went off crab-hunting while mother sat down for another long chat with her daughters. Of course, the children had brought a gift, and their faces glowed. After two days, father and mother went home and mother sat down to write the long letter to her sisters and brothers—more of a song than a letter, a lilting song of happiness. Her joy was doubled by the knowledge that those who read the letter would, as she said, rejoice with her.

WANTED—A REVIVAL OF THE HOME

Married happiness is not always vocal. On the front porch of their rural Vermont home, according to the story, sat a man and his wife, married now these many years. He whittles a stick. She knits. A long silence. Then: "Do you know, Sarah, you have meant so much to me that sometimes it's almost more'n I can stand not to tell you about it."

Thinking about family life like that, what is a thoughtful person's response? Will he not be thankful to God that out of love and marriage and the home such pure blessing can come? Home life like that is not a prosy fact to be taken for granted. It is a sheer miracle of grace, human and divine. It is wonderful. It is beautiful. It is, beyond description, good. A prayer wells up: "We thank thee, our Father, for the great gift of a good home."

Then one thinks of what so many of us have done with this glorious possibility: the hasty marriages, the awful lack of personal discipline, the social irresponsibility, the casual disregard of a child's welfare which, taken together, fill our newspapers with stories of unhappy and broken homes. The miracle of good family life treated as if it were a tawdry trinket, bought today and, not suiting our whim, being on the morrow thrown back on the counter. The highest achievement of human love and good sense never, in many marriages, being given even a chance! What multitudes of us are doing with this pearl of great price is, literally, a crying and damning shame.

When modern men and women take thought of home and family life, see what it can mean to a growing child, what a source of health and stability it can be in our society, and then look at the record, it may be that out of gratitude and repentance will come a reversal of the present trend and a revival of great home life.

GRATITUDE—FOR AMERICA!

Consider, in the next place, the history and promise of our country. Our American forefathers were not disembodied saints. They were, like their descendants, a mixture of altruism and self-interest. Yet when on board the Mayflower the Pilgrims entered into a solemn Pact which began, "In the name of God, Amen," and went on to vow the enactment of "just and equal laws," they started something brave and fine. When, later on, Americans put into their Declaration of I dependence the statement—"self-evident," they call it but it was revolutionary political doctrine—that "men are created equal," they dreamed a noble drea When on December 15, 1791, Americans proclaim in force the Bill of Rights, promising not only t rule of the majority but the protection of minorit and even of the lone individual, they earned the g titude of all succeeding generations.

When Thomas Jefferson opposed laws discrimining against the alien and wrote to Congress, "Sh we refuse to the unhappy fugitives from distress th hospitality which the savages of the wilderness tended to our fathers? . . . Shall oppressed human find no asylum on this globe?" he lifted up a magn cent ideal. When Lincoln said, "Let us judge n that we be not judged . . . with malice toward no with charity for all," he was the spokesman of Americanism that drew its inspiration from the S mon on the Mount.

When Walt Whitman, thinking of the many la from which we have come, declared, "This is not nation but a teeming nation of nations," and saw that circumstance our glory and our strength, he w nessed to a wonderful fact, never before seen un the sun. When Katharine Lee Bates, standing Pike's Peak, wrote

> O beautiful for spacious skies,
> For amber waves of grain,
> For purple mountain majesties
> Above the fruited plain!

she spoke sober truth about a land marvelous in bea and in resource.

O American, think and give thanks! Your inh tance is so rich that if you should be ungrateful rocks would break their silence and lift up a song gratitude.

A CALL TO NATIONAL REPENTANCE

But after thanksgiving must come penitence. millions of our citizens is still denied that equal before the law and that equality of education and portunity which our founding fathers vowed for In the land of the Bill of Rights and of Lincoln, bru race riots! In the land of almost immeasurable rich one-third ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed! In the l of equality before God and before the law, pe killed on the streets of Boston for the crime of hav Jewish parents! In the land of democracy, the poi of anti-Semitism spreading through our cities! In land of *E Pluribus Unum,* organizations and ne papers that revile and hate no foreign foe as they vile and hate fellow Americans who do not agree w them! Says Michael Straight: "A portion of political opposition (like a part of our press) in prets its functions of leadership to be the cease nourishment of the meanest prejudices in the Ameri people."

How can an American give himself over either complacency or to grousing? This is something deep thanksgiving and for heartfelt repentance.

ıe song of gratitude and the prayer of penitence t come a revival of true Americanism.

nce more, who can survey the march of science and ation and not be thankful? How would you like ave lived in the days of surgical operations with- anaesthetics; of work that was an unending, up- struggle for enough bread to keep body and soul her; of education limited to a tiny minority at op, with illiterate ignorance for all the rest; of helplessness against yellow fever and other ies; of men and women executed for non-existent ncraft; of infant mortality so high that the sur- of a child was almost a surprise? You say, ank God for the progress we have made!" Yes, ur thanksgiving for the manifold blessings of our zation be a shout. By the grace of God and the tion and courage of men we have come far. The has been opened until, even on the terrestrial , one sometimes wants to sing, "Eye hath not seen, hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the ining of man the things which God hath pre- d for us."

TODAY'S HOLOCAUST OF WAR

ıt think back at the news reports of the war . Two hundred thousand people surging in r away from death out of the sky, struck down ney run, their homes and churches and factories making a holocaust that lights up the sky seventy miles away! Amsterdam! Warsaw! London! Stalingrad! Hankow! Hamburg! Naples! Berlin! Tokio! When the planes return the report is published. The report says, "Results, excellent!" Write it above the ascending smoke of homes and the agony of the people —*"Results, excellent!"*

Worst of all, perhaps—in war every bomb that falls seems to make the victors more self-righteous, as if, forsooth, we were pure angels of the wrath of God sent to punish the wicked! There are, to be sure, different levels of responsibility for crime. Never in great social wrong are all the participants equally guilty. But in this war there are no innocent nations. Some of the things you and I did or left undone we can now see. Hitler was not the *accidental* spawn of hell. And when we begin to count the possible errors of the democracies, when we are honest enough to admit our negligence as citizens, our coolness in the face of human suffering, who then will dare excuse his own country or himself?

Out of deep gratitude for the blessings of science and art, religion and education, and out of hearts broken with penitence for the use we have made of our blessings—out of these, please God, may there come a resolve, as humble as it is mighty, to build at whatever cost a world fit for the sons and daughters of God.

Labor Sunday Message

HERE are moments in the world's history when great decisions are taken, the implications of which e many decades. We stand now at such a junc- of history and destiny. Revolutionary ideas, un- ving the war and intensified by it, struggle for ery. Every sector of society is involved in the ggle; there is no neutral territory. The workers he world, and especially their organized move- ts, will be deeply affected by the outcome of the ggle and the patterns of the future depend very ely on their policies and their strength.

he Christian Church has a deep and abiding con- in this situation. By virtue of its own organized in the world it is involved at every turn, and by gospel it is committed to work for justice and herhood in all areas of society. Under God, as s revealed to us in Christ, all men belong to one munity, are subject to one righteous judgment, have one hope of redemption. As men set out ebuild their common life, Christians confess their e of guilt in the crash of the world and seek to me their proper role in the world's rebuilding.

n a mood of penitence and a spirit of resolution, ıy groups must work and plan together for the re- fashioning of our society. Governmental agencies, the churches, employers and workers are especially responsible for certain tasks in our domestic industrial sphere. These tasks include:

1. Making possible an adequate and secure standard of living for all, based on full employment, a high level of production, good housing, and sufficient protection by social insurance against hazards of accident, illness, unemployment, and old age.

2. Providing an assured annual wage for all workers and an adequate annual income for every family.

3. Preserving those legislative gains which constitute a new Magna Charta for labor. Having championed the fundamental rights of labor for many years before their recognition in statute law, the churches feel a peculiar responsibility for their maintenance and further extension. In particular, support should be given now to exploited workers in backward areas of American society where the local culture is almost fascist in character. Management cannot afford to be judged by such conditions any more than organized labor can permit them to go unchallenged.

4. Integrating into our industrial order all workers without handicap because of sex, race, creed or color.

5. Accepting special responsibility for the happy adjustment of returning service men and women to civilian tasks, and the effective relocation of war workers in a peacetime economy.

his message has been issued by the Federal Council of rches through its Department of Christian Social Rela- s, with the request that it be read in the churches on or Sunday, September 2, or on September 9.

6. Extending workers' education, and developing a labor and industrial leadership competent to serve the general welfare in difficult years ahead.

7. Finding constructive ways of using the increasing amount of leisure time which successful industrialization makes possible and imperative.

8. Strengthening the incentives and deepening the meaning of labor by renewed emphasis on the Christian doctrine of vocation, and by according equal honor to all men who do essential tasks faithfully.

9. Averting a renewal of industrial warfare as the international war is ended, not by repressive legislation presuming to coerce peace but by insistence on conference and negotiation as democratic methods of solving disputes.

These are some of the tasks our nation must face at home, while it is engaged simultaneously in momentous responsibilities abroad. Ultimately all undertakings involving mankind are kindred tasks. No man is free so long as a single slave remains; no family is secure so long as refugees are homeless; no nation is great so long as some nation is impoverished. Ours is the task of finding prophetic vision for the decisions the hour requires, and of engaging in vivifying deeds for the redemption of the times and the shaping of the future.

The Church

In the House of Life, I saw an Altar, with candles aglow and a Cross thereon.

And as I bowed in reverence and closed my eyes, I beheld the Living Church.

The walls were not of brick and stone, but of dedicated wills held together with the mortar of mutual dependence and common commitment to the Best yet revealed.

The windows were not of stained glass, but of multi-colored dreams, hopes and aspirations, through which there came the vision of Infinite Beauty t shone with the broken brilliance of a thousand su

The towering pillars and the vaulted arches w not of stone and steel, but of far-reaching arms li in prayers innumerable and intermingling.

The long aisles were not carpeted with velvet r ners, but with temptations trampled under foot good resolutions kept.

The doors were never shut. They were wide o with welcome to all humanity: saints and sinn rich and poor, black, brown, yellow and whit whomsoever.

The altar was not of carved wood, but of peni hearts, ashamed of their sins, made strong with sense of forgiveness.

The pulpit was not a dais for the declaration dogma, but a place of light and fire whence came fo flashes of truth and the impact of power.

The Holy Book was not a single volume held a on a lectern, but all life studied unashamedly, te daringly, experienced deeply, comforted tenderly, c lenged constantly.

The music was not compounded of organ and vo but of consecrated leadership and well developed versities all harmonized into the matchless melod creative cooperation.

And the warmth of the Living Church, wherein glowed with radiant vitality, came not from nace and fuel, but from obedience to Him who sa "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy he soul, mind and strength; and thy neighbor as thyse

Henry Hitt Cran

America is struggling with a word—that w "all." "All men are created free and equal." our crises have come out of that word. We have been able to give it up, nor have we been able to up to it.

E. Stanley Jone

A Pastoral Prayer

By Walter S. R. Powell

Eternal and triumphant God, whose purposes are above defeat, we bow before Thee in humility in an endeavor to discover Thy will.

We rejoice that in the darkness and confusion of these chaotic times we can look up to the stars which Thou hast set in their courses, and are reminded of the fixed moral and spiritual principles of Thy universe. Engulfed within the jungles of hate and prejudice, we search the shadows for Thy truth. Cast into the wilderness of despair and doubt, we perceive Thy light on the far-off hills, the hills from whence cometh our help. When our tiny crafts are buffeted by the fearful realities of our experiences we hear Thy still small voice speaking words of peace and assurance.

We thank Thee for the gleams of a new day. So perplexed as we are, Thou dost enable us to dis those trails blazed by noble torchbearers in a darke world. We are encouraged by their heroism strengthened by their faith.

In our prayers we would bear to the throne of grace our youth, our young men and women—especi those in the war-torn lands of the world. May rely upon those inner resources which will never them; in the shelter of hospitals may they find hea for their broken bodies and peace for their distu minds. In facing their problems, whatever they may they be sustained by Thy unfailing presence. the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

We Forget'

t: Beware lest thou forget the thy God.—Deuteronomy 8:11.

NTRODUCTION—In these days of y in war we as a nation are in r of forgetting some important , as many years ago Rudyard g saw that England was in sim- eril. The words that he sent at that time, in his great poem, vorthy of consideration by us enter upon a period that has rils just as real as those of war. re familiar with Kipling's lines:

rd God of hosts, be with us yet,
st we forget—lest we forget.

are some of the things we are nger of forgetting today?

BODY OF SERMON—(1) In time tory we are likely to forget that nflict is never over. God's peo- ad overcome their enemies east Jordan, but there were other o the west that challenged them, loses their leader pointed out. may believe that, as our war Pacific is won, our difficulties e over—that we will be enter- e "Promised Land." But though ork of the military is done we be confronted by all kinds of ems—political, economic, social, tional. We are, indeed, facing right now—have been facing for months. Furthermore, re- er that for many saddened the war will never be over. the cups of many are running with happiness, the cups of less others will be running over tears. There will be work for us in endeavoring to lighten rdens of these sorrowing ones.

In the hour of victory we are to forget the need of prayer. stress we call upon God most tly, but after the crisis is past, take over" and dismiss God. le religion and life-raft conver- are not permanent. When Ger- was invaded, over the world was reported a great tide of r. Has that tide receded, now victory everywhere is assured? again the story of Moses. As eople stood on the banks of the n, victorious over the eastern , he seemed to think they might prepared for the tasks ahead, se of their satisfaction with vic- to date. Hear his words to "Beware lest thou forget the thy God."

In the day of victory we are ed to forget that, so far as we succeeded, God has given us that s. Moses warned his people that they should not think that their strength had won the victory against Og, the giant king of Bashan, and others, and that coming victories in the west also were to be by their strong hands. Forget not God! was Moses' warning. It is an encouraging fact that after V-E Day there was little of boastful rejoicing anywhere. It is to be hoped that the mood of seriousness will still be evident. Let us participate in suitable patriotic and religious observances with full consciousness of the hand of God in the affairs of nations, and with the realization that he is "the disposer of destiny." These lines of Kipling, written in 1897, are as pertinent—or more so—as when the ink with which they were written was still undried:

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

(4) In the hour of victory we must not forget that only with God's help can the nations establish a durable peace. We have had our conferences —Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco and others—to make plans for a better day. The question now is, with victory upon us, whether the United Nations will assure unity and success by letting go of preconceived notions of sovereignty and cherishing ideas and plans that will make for the good of all nations. Only Almighty God can give our leaders an unselfish spirit to enable them to set up organizations to stabilize the peace of the world. Woodrow Wilson sought to realize his great dreams for mankind—and failed because of the lack of vision of the people. Will our leaders again fail, because we forget God and his great purposes for men?

III. CONCLUSION—You may have seen the drawing exhibited a few weeks ago in various parts of the country. A large picture of a long table; unoccupied chairs placed around the table as if waiting to receive delegates to the San Francisco conference. Standing behind the chair at the end of the table the figure of President Roosevelt, drawn in shadowy outline, and above the picture the caption: At the Head of the Table. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt was an unseen delegate at the conference. And Woodrow Wilson was also an unseen delegate. And there were many others of the past and present —leaders with visions of the better world that must be born. But if that conference or any other conference to be held is to be successful, there must be at the head of the table One who is greater than any human leader!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

—Dunbar H. Ogden, First Presbyterian Church, Staunton, Va.

Ten Commandments For Church Ushers

I. Thou shalt remember that thou art doorkeepers in the House of the Lord.

II. Thou shalt consider it thy privilege to maintain in every respect an atmosphere of reverence and devotion throughout the meeting house.

III. Thou shalt not indulge in unseemly chatter even before the appointed hour of worship.

IV. Thou shalt seek to keep the confusion of entrance at its minimum particularly in cold or stormy weather, so that those already worshiping may not be disturbed.

V. Thou shalt not seat latecomers during any element of worship, but thou shalt keep them quietly without the doors of the sanctuary until a proper interval come in the order of the service.

VI. Thou shalt pledge thyselves to a consistent and persistent effort to seat all the people solidly in the front part of the sanctuary, bearing in mind that there is little inspiration in ranks of empty pews.

VII. Thou shalt be alert to matters of lighting and heat, particularly the provision of fresh air.

VIII. Thou shalt take up the offering with orderliness and dispatch, not making the event a time of greeting and conversation.

IX. Thou shalt demean thyselves in the community throughout the week in a manner befitting those who officiate in the sanctuary on the Sabbath.

X. Thou shalt remember that thine ample reward will surely be found in the gratitude and appreciation of the minister and the congregation, and in the joy of serving thy Lord.

ROBBINS W. BARSTOW.

THE great difficulty with the world is not its inability to produce, but its unwillingness to share.

ROY L. SMITH.

'Bring Me Your Tears'

By William L. Stidger

WHEN "Johnny comes marching home," as he has been doing of late by hundreds of thousands; and even before he comes marching home; aye, even facing the fact that countless Johnnies will not come marching home—it must be conceded that preachers today must be prepared to meet a veritable avalanche of problems which are both new and amazing. And he must meet them with facts—and sympathy.

I think that I have an answer to these problems in a little verse which Edwin Markham wrote many years ago, out of the fullness of his understanding heart; for Edwin Markham had a deep sympathy for all suffering, loneliness and sorrow. Here is that poem, which he called, "Bring Me Your Tears":

I dare not ask your very all:
I only ask a part.
Bring me, when dancers leave the hall—
Your aching heart.
Give other friends your lighted face,
The laughter of the years:
I come to crave a greater grace:
Bring me your tears!

Several years ago Herbert Agar wrote a book entitled *A Time for Greatness*. I wish that somebody would now write a book called *A Time for Sympathy*. For, after all, that is about all that parents, wives and loved ones want or expect from their minister—just a great, deep, genuine sympathy. Thomas Carlyle once said: "A great, deep, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of any man who in any way can be called great." So I say that a great, deep, genuine *sympathy* is the first characteristic of any minister who can in any way be called a great preacher and pastor.

● *Today—the Call for Sympathy*

If ever in the history of the world there was a time for understanding and sympathy, that time is this very year. Perhaps the most vital and dominant problem of this day for ministers is the problem of feeling and showing an understanding, sincere, deep and genuine sympathy for people who have lost their loved ones in the war, as well as for people who have to face the problems of returning boys who are shattered, maimed and broken, mentally, physically and spiritually, by this war. That is our most appalling and pressing problem. No problem comes before it. And the answer is very simple.

I discovered that a year ago when I was speaking in a Lawrence, Massachusetts, theater meeting preceding Easter. When I stepped down from the stage where I had spoken into the dark interior of that theater, a woman, gray before her time, came up to me, fumbled in her purse, took a slip of official paper, and handed it to me without a word. There I read: "The Secretary of War regrets to inform you that your son ———— was killed in action . . ."

That was the first time I had faced that universal ministerial problem—and that woman was a complete stranger to me. My heart went out to her with a great sympathy. I didn't

William L. Stidger

know just what to say, but before I could figure out anything to say, my heart spoke for me and I blurted out: "I understand!"

Tears streamed down her cheeks and she said to me: "That's all I want. I somehow felt, after hearing you speak, that *you would understand!* . . . The rest I can and shall have to do for myself. In the final analysis I shall have to face this grief alone; I shall have to conquer it and go on living. But to know that somebody, anybody understands—that is all I want or need. Thank you!"

Then that stricken young mother went on her way comforted just by the fact that my handclasp, my tears, my eyes showed that I *did* understand.

What I was actually saying to that mother was, "Bring me your tears."

Several years ago I myself was in great sorrow, for my Betty had her first baby at birth. It was a g blow to me. They had phoned in a New York hotel where I gone to confer, curiously eno about a story of a young mother her baby which I was to write a certain secular magazine. I w conference over that story with editor for five hours after I ha ceived the news of Betty's b death. In the conference the e and I talked of what a baby m to a young mother. The confer with that editor at that parti time about a mother-baby story set me, and try as I would I not keep the tears and sobs back had to explain and told the e why I had broken down in that ner. He looked at me a minute sympathy and said just two w "I understand."

From that day to this I have that editor to my heart with h of steel. I have deep affection him. I cannot forget those two w for they brought me comfort. is about all, in these sad days, a preacher or editor needs to sorrowing people feel—that he derstands." That is the one and answer to the universal proble sorrow and death in war days. is all they want or need—jus know that somebody understands

● *'You Are Her That Is Enou*

Last spring a paratrooper killed in the spearhead that was into the Ruhr to pave the way our later successful advance. boy was Bray Booth, son of a frere, Dr. Edwin Booth, teache history in Boston University S of Theology. I had watched y Bray grow up from childhood. had caddied for us on the golf l Later he had played with us beaten us in every game, for he to be an expert at golf. Later he to Harvard, intending to b preacher. Then the war came he volunteered to go into the troops. He said to me: "I wa to get into the toughest outfit I find. I had been reared in a pre er's home, had been sheltered carried around on a golden platte my days. I wanted to get in tough outfit, so I selected the troopers." The last time I saw he was home on furlough. He made his fifth jump. His hat

d on the side of his blond head, ieeks were flushed like a peach, ves bright, his strut proud and y. His pants were tucked into ots and he was what you had ll "cocky." But his father and d to see that in him, for it was sult of achievement, of conquest, ercoming fear and terror. He umped five times from a fast g plane and he had a right to cky. Then came the news of his

lrove out to see his parents at I stayed with them for two , but I felt that I hadn't said that would comfort them. It difficult thing to do in the face e irrevocable, irremedial loss of firstborn.

ien I was leaving I said to Ted: afraid that I haven't said much nfort you, Ted."

isn't what you have said that I You are here. That is all I or need. *You are here.*"

the way home I said to myself: t is right. All that I or any preacher or friend can do is to *ere!* I at least said to Ted gh that visit—'Bring me your !' "

● *In the House of Mourning*

e poets have always understood sychological fact. Oscar Wilde, e "Dorian Gray" has at last ed the screen, and who knew suffering and loneliness meant er a poet did—because of his sins and derelictions, which d a great ostracism to come him—once said: "If a friend ine gave a feast and did not in- me to it, I should not mind a But if a friend of mine had sor- and refused to allow me to share should feel it most bitterly. If hut the doors of the house of rning against me, I would go again and again, and beg to be tted so that I might share in I was entitled to share."

iat statement says all that I want y about sympathy. Except that, e preacher's case, there is never feeling that anybody on earth shut him out from the house of rning save himself. No human on earth was ever known to an honest minister from the e of sorrow. Instead, they wel- him like a Savior when they are rouble, as so many are in these . The war, of course, is over, but bitter days are ahead, and the stry of comfort will still be tly needed.

lna St. Vincent Millay puts it way:

All suffering mine, mine its rod,
Mine pity like the pity of God.

ahlil Gibran, author of *The het*, says: "You can forget him with whom you have laughed but you can never forget him with whom you have wept."

● *A Constant Call for Tact*

Just as it is true with those who have lost loved ones in battle, so is it true with the blind, the maimed and the broken who are coming home by the thousands, as is illustrated by an experience that one of my preacher students had in Cleveland. That student, Harold Black, pastor in West Salem, Ohio, was coming to Cleveland to hear me speak. That very morning, when he landed in the Cleveland Terminal and got off of his train, he saw a blind soldier on crutches carrying a heavy suitcase. He walked up to that boy and offered to carry the suitcase.

"No!" the boy said rather gruffly.

"Then may I guide you up the stairs to the station?"

"Yes, if you will," replied the boy—but he insisted on carrying his own suitcase.

When they got to the top of the stairs, Harold said: "Now, where do you want to go?"

"To the information desk, please," the boy replied.

"May I help you?' inquired the young preacher.

"Yes, just guide me over to the information desk, please."

Harold took firmly and possessively hold of that boy's arm and, much to his surprise, the blind boy jerked his arm away rather abruptly and said: "Don't take possession of me, pal, and don't shove me. All I want is just the touch of your hand on my shoulder."

That young preacher was naturally thrilled by that statement, "All I want is just the touch of your hand on my shoulder." He learned a lesson from that experience, and so did I. For that is all these boys want. They don't want to be treated as "cases." They don't want to be treated as if they were helpless. They don't want to be babied. All any of them want is just the touch of your hand on their shoulders; just to know that you are there; just to know that they can depend on you; just to know that you are able to understand.

Such are to be, for years, the great and dominant problems of the average American minister and in these ways will he solve those problems: By saying to them, "Bring me your tears," and by remembering that all the crippled, maimed, blind boy wants is "the touch of your hand on his shoulder."

For a New World

By John Oxenham

GOD grant us wisdom in these coming days,
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He would have us build,
To life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense—God-sense, of life's new needs,
And souls aflame with newborn chivalries,
To cope with those black growths that foul the ways,
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born energies:

To pledge our souls to nobler, loftier life,
To win the world to His fair sanctities,
To bind the nations in a pact of peace,
To free the soul of life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross
Has time such prospect held of life's new birth;
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise
Above the ruts and failures of the past.
But with His help who did the first earth build,
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

EARLY in 1941 Rev. G. MERRILL LENOX *left* the pulpit of Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Minneapolis, to become associate director of the Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board of the Northern Baptist Convention. In 1944 he was national chairman of the Convention's "World Order Crusade." He has long been a leader in the field of social betterment and education, and now serves as a member of the Commission on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council's race relations department.

Since 1924 Rev. O. WALTER WAGNER *has min*istered at St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church, Jackson, Mich. Earlier pastorates were in Gary, Ind., and Loudonville, Ohio. He has been active in the affairs of his denomination and has been chairman of worship for the Council of Social Reconstruction.

Rev. ALFRED W. SWAN *has won a wide hearing* among students at the University of Wisconsin. He went to the First Congregational Church at Madison following pastorates in Marion, Ohio, and Greeley, Colo. He has shown his interest in social and political betterment by his service as a member of the Council for Social Action of his denomination, the American Civil Liberties Union, etc. The quotations from the book, *Win Peace,* are made with permission of the publishers, Viking Press.

For eleven years Rev. FRED W. SHORTER *has r*istered at the Church of the People, Seattle, Wash., ing previously been pastor of the Pilgrim Congregati Church in that city for eight years. He was born Australia and received his later education at the Uni sity of Missouri and at Yale Divinity School.

A graduate of Lutheran schools, Rev. HERMAN REISSIG preached for a year in the Lutheran minis then entered the Congregational fellowship. His e pastorates were at West End Congregational Chu Bridgeport, Conn., and Kings Highway Church in Br lyn, N. Y. Since 1942 he has ministered at First U Congregational Church, Quincy, Ill. His sermon in issue was preached at a union service held at Memo Lutheran Church in Quincy.

Rev. WILLIAM L. STIDGER *is head of the dep* ment of preaching at the Boston University Schoo Theology.

Rev. WALTER S. R. POWELL *is minister of* Methodist Church, Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

E. J. ASCHENBRENNER, Methodist, Grants Pass, Ore. "Covering 'Old Glory' with a New Glory." Rom. 2:28, 29 (Moffatt's translation paraphrased)—"He is no American who is merely an American outwardly, nor is citizenship something outward in the flesh; he is an American who is one inwardly, and citizenship is a matter of the heart, spiritual, not literal—praised by God, not by man."

ELDON W. BORELL, chaplain, San Francisco, Cal. "A Tree Grows in New Jerusalem." Rev. 22:2—"In the midst of the street of it . . . was there the Tree of Life . . . and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations."

J. EDWIN HARTMAN, Presbyterian, Mount Pleasant, Pa. "The Hazard of Selfish Prayer." Psalm 106:15—"And he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul."

D. W. CHARLTON, Mt. Olivet Methodist, Manteo, N. C. "Non-Rationing Religion." Mark 12:44—"For they have put in what they could spare out of their sur-

plus, but she . . . has put in all that she possesse (Montgomery)

ADDISON L. SMITH, Second Methodist, New Orle La. "Seeing Is Believing." John 20:29—"Beca thou hast seen me thou hast believed."

JOHN L. MCCURDY, Church of Christ, Corydon, "A Mariner's Religion." Acts 27:29—"Then t were afraid . . . they dropped four anchors."

HENRY H. SCHOOLEY, Church of the Mediator, Pr dence, R. I. "Tightening Your Grip on Life." 7:9—"If your faith does not hold you, you will ne hold out." (Moffatt)

ANDREW P. BURTON, First Baptist, Belvidere, Ill. "Be at Our Best in Difficult Days." Psalm 84:6a—"P ing through the valley of weeping, they make i place of springs."

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD, Erie Avenue Methodist, Ph delphia, Pa. "The Right Road." Gen. 24:27— am on the right road; the Lord has led me to home of my master's kinsfolk." (American)

CLYDE H. WILCOX, First Congregational, St. Cl Mich. "The Importance of Trifles." Matt. 13:3 "It is less than any seed on earth, but when it gr up it is larger than any plant."

BRUCE R. BAXTER, Bishop of Methodist Church, P land, Ore. "Where Is God?" 2 Cor. 12:9—" grace is sufficient for thee." Psalm 37:5—"Com thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him; and shall bring it to pass."

B. Z. STAMBAUGH, Church of the Redeemer, Lor O. "The Skeptical Saint." John 14:5—"Lord, know not . . ."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon .....

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

VHAT month in history has been so filled with great events as the thirty days ending as I write? The Potsdam conference, the political turn in Great Britain, the announcement of the ed policy in Germany, President Truman's astonishing revelation that the atomic bomb had been created and dropped on a Japanese city, the entrance of Russia into the war, Japan's offer to surrender, ing, after days of anxious suspense, to Allied acance and finally to peace! It is hard to believe that war is really over—but it is, so far as military sion is concerned. Yet the rejoicing and thanksng is tempered by grave thoughts as we contem- e the world scene and the stupendous task ahead. every vanquished land the victors are now the rs, and must continue to rule into an indefinite re. The United States must now provide au- ity, soldiery and charity to preserve mankind from s. Even so, the realization of the ends we seek ubious. Can a vanquished people be "re-educated" er the alien rule of military power? How long the patience of our people endure the keeping wo million or more of their sons in the ends of earth, policing alien lands? How long will our urces hold out to provide the required charity? our economy sustain itself even in the first phase ch is now upon us—demobilization and reconver- to a peace basis? How long will the Russian colos- be amenable to the pacific negotiation of those licts of interest which are bound to emerge in the re? Peace!—I thank God for it! But I cannot k that such a "peace" justifies the price America paid for it.

Historic nth

The Book of the Month

E LORD'S SUPPER IN PROTESTANTISM. *By Elmer . Freeman. The Macmillan Company, $1.75.*

THIS is an invaluable little book on a large and impressive subject. We Protestants need to know - more about the Lord's Supper. Many of us are tent to know only that our Lord asked us to observe n his memory. I say "asked us," for there are too ny who think of his tender request as a "command" therefore fall into a routine observance of an dinance." But the power of the Lord's Supper n the simple, human longing with which Jesus gested to his disciples that, if they would keep memory alive, he would like to have them remem- him in this simple breaking of bread and drinking he common cup. Yet even this human and non- listic conception of its origin is no substitute for er knowledge. Mr. Freeman puts such knowledge our disposal. He traces the early development of sacrament from its almost casual origin into a mn rite of the church. From here he shows how it took on new meanings, some of them false, how the Reformation reformed it, how Anglicans anglicized it, and how contemporary Protestantism has lost much of its meaning by too narrow and lean an understanding of it. This is followed by the author's interpretation of (1) its ethical and (2) its spiritual dynamic, with practical suggestions for a more adequate liturgical frame for its observance. The chapters on personal preparation for communion and the private celebration of it are very helpful. I cannot too heartily commend this importantly conceived and chastely written book.

A Thought for the Month

THE great wave of foreboding and disillusionment which followed the unveiling of nature's secret long hidden in the atom, is profoundly significant for Christian faith. It shows that the world has at last taken the measure of science and sees its limitations. There is no disposition to discount the benefits which scientific progress has brought and still promises to bring to human life. But the widespread belief among common people and scientists themselves that science would usher in a utopian era of civilized well-being has been reduced to absurdity by that single bomb which reduced Hiroshima to ashes. Against this foolish hope the Christian faith has always affirmed that the value of knowledge and technical skills depends upon the character of the man and the society that uses them. To the mind of our age, dazzled and obsessed with scientific progress, this affirmation has seemed like a gratuitous platitude. But not now. Whether man can be trusted with the vast power that science has put at his disposal is the most serious question men are asking as the war ends. Science itself has no answer. It does not even raise the question. It goes right on increasing man's power. But it does nothing about man. Christian faith alone has the answer. It says No! Only a *new* man can be trusted with such power! Its primary business is to create this new man. This it does by making available a wisdom not to be compared with scientific knowledge, and a power supreme over nature's forces—the wisdom and power of God. Is the Christian church ready to proclaim its gospel of personal, national and international regeneration to a humanity now so providentially ready to receive it? Science has a gospel, and it is a true gospel. It could be called the "good news of damnation"—unless! This gospel has filled man with forebodings. Christian faith will see it as a divine preparation of the human soul to receive the good news of Christ's salvation.

Scientific Progress Calls For a New Man

Charles Clayton Morrison

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